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HANNAH HAWKINS  
THE REFORMED  
DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER

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*16 May, 1887.*















Father, don't send me after whiskey, to-day! 8-2 a. p. 20.

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HANNAH HAWKINS,

THE

REFORMED DRUNKARD'S

DAUGHTER.

BY REV. JOHN MARSH *Sec. of*  
*Amer. temp. union.*

Temperance is an oasis, a green spot in the desert of ~~lower~~ life  
FATHER MATHEW

NINTH EDITION.

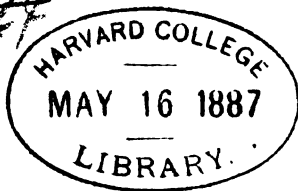
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NEW YORK:

AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION

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*Oct 9 1887*  
*Receivd*

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**TO LUCIUS MANLIUS SARGENT, ESQ.**

**SIR:—**

By a series of tales, founded on fact, but embellished and adorned by your graphic pen, you were a favored instrument of rousing the American people to the suppression of a vice, which was not only breaking the hearts and wasting the lives of thousands, but sapping the very foundations of our civil and religious institutions. Although, in the recent extraordinary advance of the work of reform, your heart has been pained by scenes which none in their sober judgments can approve, yet, in the gathering up of results, we behold a harvest of miracles, which cannot fail to make us all thankful that we have shared a part in its accomplishment. Fiction has given place to strange reality. What we once fancied in the wide reformation of intemperate husbands and fathers, and the elevation of depressed families to comfort, respectability, and usefulness, has now been witnessed; and notwithstanding some sad relapses, over which we weep, the happy scenes of "The Mother's Gold Ring," no longer an isolated case, are subjects of gratulation and joy in all parts of our beloved country. That your pen may

still be employed to secure a wise and vigorous prosecution of this most philanthropic enterprise, though its caustic point may be dreaded by men, greedy of gain, who will sell the poison, and by the votaries of fashion and folly, who must tread on the brink of a precipice lest they walk with the vulgar on the broad *terra firma*, is the sincere wish of thousands who, with their families, have been saved from ruin, and who pray for the wide extension of salutary principles among future generations.

If by seizing upon an incident in the reformation of one who has been distinguished for his rescue, from the fangs of the rumseller, through his own child, and for his untiring labors in the cause of temperance, the writer can, in this little book, instruct and interest the children and youth who are coming up to take our places, he shall be indeed happy in presenting it to you, both as a token of his profound respect and sincere affection, and in gratitude for the numerous favors received at your hands.

*New York, December 4, 1843.*

## HANNAH HAWKINS.

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It was some time in the summer of 1841, that the writer of this little book was travelling to the North, when, on leaving a railroad car to go a few miles to visit a friend, he stepped into a small stage-coach, in which were seated a well-dressed man and woman with three children; the eldest, a neat, tidy looking girl of thirteen; the others, younger but who seemed to be full of enjoyment, in noticing everything of a rural nature, showing that they had been brought up in a city, and knew little of country scenes.

The mother was of a delicate, tender texture, and evinced, by a pensive look, that she had seen days of sadness; but there was now and then a kindling up of the eye and a cheerful smile, which betokened that better days were breaking in upon her. The father had a frank and manly countenance, a piercing eye, with a voice unusually pleasant: and though it was manifest that his

education was of an ordinary character, yet there was discoverable in him a vigor of thought and power of expression, which soon showed that he was to be neither an unpleasant nor unprofitable travelling companion.

It was not long before he addressed himself to his wife as Mrs. Hawkins; and, in a little time, he spoke to his daughter, saying, "Hannah, look there, my child, see that poor hut; I suppose some miserable drunkard lives there, who, like your once poor, unfortunate father, is giving himself up to the intoxicating cup, and becoming a sore affliction and trial to all whom God has committed to his care." The group seemed much affected at the sight; and, as a little girl, with neither stockings nor shoes, and scarce any covering but a ragged frock, peeped from behind the house, Hannah said, "She is a pretty girl; I wish I could give her something."

Our little company thus learned that they were associated, in the stage coach, with John H. W. Hawkins, the reformed Baltimorean drunkard, and his family, who were on their way to Massachusetts, where the mother and children were to be sustained by the friends of temperance, while the father should go from town to

town, and from city to city, relating his affecting experience, and becoming, under God, the instrument of delivering other miserable inebriates from the degradation and woe from which he had been rescued.

The remainder of the ride, which lasted but a few hours, was one of interest to all ; for, without any feelings of shame which might have led them to conceal the truth, or any undue elevation from the decent appearance which they now made in their new apparel or from the brightening prospects before them, this rescued family gave, without hesitation, though often with strong emotion, an account of all their deep debasement and severe sufferings.

In the daughter, as the instrument of her father's rescue, the company took a peculiar interest ; and though she was a modest and diffident child, they found she had more than usual strength of character, and could readily believe all that was told of her in this extraordinary transaction.

Months and years have since passed, but a distinct recollection of this interview, connected with the many interesting results of her father's reformation, have led the writer to collect together whatever he could learn of this child and

the circumstances attending the change in the habits of her father, and present them, with suitable reflections, in a small volume; partly for the entertainment and instruction of children of her own sex, and partly as a standing memorial of what has proved to be an extraordinary era in the temperance reformation.

At the time of her birth, which was about the year 1828, in the city of Baltimore, the temperance reformation had taken root in the country, and many excellent men, alarmed at the increase of drunkenness, with its consequent poverty, crime, and premature mortality, had resolved that they would abandon the use of all ardent spirits, and try to save their children from intemperate habits. But it was then supposed to be almost impossible to reclaim the confirmed inebriate. If any individual had so far given himself up to the intoxicating cup as to be seen staggering about the streets, or coming home drunk at the midnight hour, to abuse his wife and children, he was viewed as past recovery. The poor unfortunate drunkard's burning appetite so raged for rum, that he would sacrifice every comfort to obtain it; even pawn his clothes and his Bible, and leave all his once dear little ones to the greatest

sufferings; and it was thought that he must drink on, at least moderately, till he perished, either by some fall from a horse, or by being drowned in a pond, or frozen in a pitiless storm. His own persuasion was, that he should die if he did not drink: nor was he alone in this,—it was the belief of the community around him, and even of many physicians from whom he would seek relief in his infirmities.

At that period there were supposed to be in the United States not less than three hundred thousand common drunkards. The most of them were husbands and fathers. Many had large families. Their houses were generally known by the broken door-yard fence; the fallen gate; the windows stuffed with old hats and rags; the clapboards dangling in the air; the barns held up by props and stripped of their boards, which had been used for fuel; a half-starved horse standing in the street, and several ragged children, who, without hats or shoes, spent their days in dragging brush-wood from the neighboring forests, or in begging pennies from door to door, to buy their mother a loaf of bread.

In the interior, little was visible either of neatness or comfort. No bed but ... of straw, laid

on knotted ropes; here a show of a table, and there a broken chair. A half dozen broken plates, rusty knives and forks, and iron spoons; a mug for cider, and a bottle for rum. Neither carpet nor plastering were there—if it was winter, the snow would often lie upon the bed, and the mother and her children be seen huddled together over a few embers, as their only refuge. Night would come, but no sound of a father's voice with comfortable food to cheer and gladden. The children would cry themselves to sleep. The mother would sit and "watch the moon go down," till distant footsteps were heard, and horrid oaths vented at not finding the door, causing her heart to quail; and a monster in human shape, but the father of her children, would burst upon her, and perhaps drive her out in the cold and dreary night, even in a pitiless storm, compelling her to leave her babes to his neglect or cruelties.

These were homes witnessed in almost every neighborhood. The inhabitants were as accustomed to the spectacle as a necessary appendage to their village, as the church, the school-house, the tavern, the dram-shop, or the comfortable home of the sober and the frugal; and it attracted no particular notice, unless there went forth,

at the midnight hour, a cry of murder : and then, for a little season, all thought something must be done ; the wife must swear the peace upon her husband, and he, by authority, be sent to jail. But this she would not do ; he was her husband ; he promised to reform, and things would be left to pass on much as before.

The writer of this once went to a funeral in a drunkard's home. It was the funeral of a little child. The house had but two small rooms. In one, in which was the corpse, and where the prayer was made, was a bed of straw, on which lay the drunkard's wife, too sick to rise. He well remembers the outer covering, which was all of rags, stitched together. Under her head was no pillow. She seemed a woman of deep sorrow. Her miserable husband tried to act the part of a man, but while the people were assembling, he went twice to his bottle, and became officious and troublesome in regulating the ceremonies. One little boy and three girls, clothed by the neighbors in black, went with him, following the coffin of their young brother to the grave. It was a sad spectacle, and yet it was in the midst of a Christian community, and the individual who day by day sold him rum, was a mem-

ber of a Christian church. Such was the darkness of the times.\*

Sometimes the drunkard was a man of wealth, living in luxury and splendor. His groves, his gardens, his walks, the furniture of his house, all betokened great prosperity to him, or, more generally, to his father before him. But O, the agony within! Few knew its depth. Occasionally the fair, the beautiful, but heart-broken wife, would communicate to a friend the distresses of her soul—her sinking of heart when she first discovered that her own husband, and the father of her sons and daughters, was a drunkard—the repeated mortifications she had experienced at his staggering gait, and silly speech, and unbecoming behavior; and, most of all, her terrible sufferings at the midnight hour, when, in his drunken mania, he had dragged her, from room to room, by the hair of her head. These were secrets known to few, and yet those who knew them would still keep the wine cup flowing. Such was the united power of appetite and fashion; such the pride of wealth.

\* The writer is happy to say, that this man has since been entirely reformed, and now provides well for his family! he is a respectable member of the community, and frequents the house of God on the Sabbath

Not in a house of this character did little **Hannah** have her birth ; but in one of deepest destitution. The following is the account her father once gave of himself in a public meeting :

“ I was born of respectable parents, and was educated by a minister, and then bound out to the hatting business, in as perfect a grog-shop as ever existed. A few days before I left Baltimore I found the old books of my master ; there were the names of sixty men upon it, and we could recollect but one that did not go to a drunkard’s grave. Another hatter says it was just so on his books. At one time there were twelve of us as apprentices ; eight of the twelve have died drunkards ; one is now in the almshouse in Cincinnati, one in the almshouse of Baltimore, one is keeping a tavern in Baltimore, and here am I.

“ For a while I was prosperous, notwithstanding I drank on ; I did not expect the appetite to conquer me. When twenty-two years old, in 1818, I went to the West. As soon as I was away from parental care, I gave way ; all went by the board, and my sufferings commenced. For six months I had no shoes, and only one shirt and one pair of pantaloons. Then I was a vagabond indeed. But I returned, ragged and bloat-

ed, to my mother's home. When I got to the edge of the town, I was ashamed even to walk on the ground of my nativity. In the dusk of evening, I crept along to my mother's, and was soon dressed up decently. My mother only said, 'John, I am afraid you are bloated.' I then drank nothing for a while; but it was so hard to do without, that at length I took a glass of ale, and all was over with me again: my appetite rushed on like a flood and carried all before it. And for fifteen years, time after time, I rose and fell; was up and down; would quit all, and then take a little glass. I would earn \$15 a week, be happy and well, and with my money in hand start for home, and in some unaccountable way, imperceptibly and irresistibly fall into a tavern, and think one glass only would do me good. But I found a single glass of ale would conquer all my resolutions."

At another time he said, he was a genteel drunkard, well dressed, yet not different from the drunkard clothed in rags. He would often get a ten dollar bill changed; go and buy a single glass, fully determined not to take more, but that would prove a fatal glass, and he would drink himself to the most degrading drunkenness, blast-

ing all the hopes of his wife and children. "He was a moderate drinker when he married. His wife never dreamed of any risk. But O, what suffering had she not endured!"

What the early joys and sorrows of little Hannah were, cannot, of course, be here narrated. It is kindly ordered by our heavenly Father, that the children of the poor and the vicious know but little, in their younger days, of their condition, as compared with that of other children, or of what it might be, if their parents were faithful to themselves, or to those committed to their trust. Like the little animals, they have great enjoyment in the use of their limbs, in the scanty fare that is imparted to them, and in all their juvenile sports and plays. Even on their miserable beds, and with snow upon the rags which cover them, their sleep is sweet; and at the morning dawn, the drunkard's hovel often rings with the merry voices of his unoffending but hapless children.

The writer once often passed the home of a drunkard, and he was impressed with the cheerful faces, the loud halloo, and merry laugh of his little boys, as, in bleak November, they were dragging brush from the neighboring woods, as fuel for their fire. Kind Providence! he ex

claimed, as he contrasted the condition of these children with those of some wealthy families, whose little ones are first ruined by hot rooms, downy beds, and rich cake, and then pine away under patent drugs and nostrums.

It is only as the child of the drunkard advances in life, that it learns the degradation of its condition, and feels the iron entering the soul. When the little girl sees her mates, with whom she once played on terms of perfect equality (for little children in a neighborhood make no distinction of rank), now pass, in their neat dress, with their books and satchels, on their way to school, and avoid her—when the little party is made in the village, and she is not invited—when the Sabbath bell rings, and she cannot go to the Sunday-school, for she has neither shoes nor decent clothing; above all, when she, now a tall and comely girl, is compelled to go, day after day, to the store, with her father's jug for rum, and is pointed at by the rude boys as the drunkard's daughter; then it is that, with bitter tears, she asks, why is it thus?

It is a merciful Providence to the intemperate parent, that filial feelings are not destroyed by the degradation, and even cruel suffering, to which

a child may be subjected. On the contrary, the child pities his infirmities, and strives to screen him from the abuse of rude boys, and protect him from the tempest which would beat too heavily upon his head.

The writer has not unfrequently seen the little boy endeavoring to lead his poor, unfortunate father home, crying, and entreating him to leave the log on which he was sitting, for the nightfall was coming, and he would freeze if he remained there till morning. And the reader of this little book may well remember the story of a gentleman in St. Louis, who was found drunk in the street by a sailor, who urged him to go home: but the gentleman, by profession an actor, continued to drink, until he fell to the ground. Just as the watch were about removing him to prison, a little girl, about eight years old, barefooted and ragged, came into the room, sobbing most bitterly. No sooner did she see her father, than she ran to him and knelt down by his side, saying, "Don't take my father away while he sleeps." It was a sight, said the account, to wring the heart of more than a man to see that pure and innocent creature, with her little head bare, and her white shoulders peeping out from her tattered

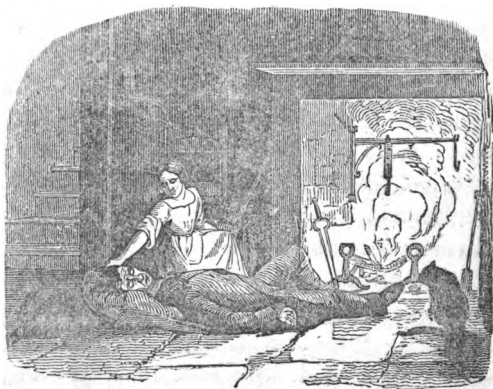
frock, leaning with fond affection on her drunken father, as if her affection strengthened with the unworthiness of the object. At length the sailor came forward, and speaking kindly to the little girl, took her away in his arms, wrapping her little feet carefully in the skirts of his coat. When the wretched man came to himself in the watch-house in the morning, he said, "I was not always the miserable wretch to which drunkenness has reduced me. But I contracted bad habits, my business was neglected, my wife died of a broken heart. I have wandered without a home in search of whiskey. I have yet a daughter; at least, I had yesterday, a beautiful creature, who still loves me, despite of my unworthiness." At this moment the sailor entered the room with the little girl, of whom he had taken a kind care, and placed her in her father's arms. The tears of the father flowed freely, nor was there a dry eye in the room.

Hannah Hawkins early discovered strong sympathies for her father. When sober, he was a pleasant father; and driving, as he sometimes would for months, a good business, as a hatter, he would bring his family many comforts. She knew, too, that he was fallen, and did not occupy

the place that he should in his native city. When she went occasionally to her grandmother's, than whom there was not a more venerable and excellent woman in the city of Baltimore, and stopped in at the houses of her aunts, and saw their neat carpets, and handsome furniture, and well supplied tables, she could not but contrast it all with the wretched destitution of her father's house. But what prompted in her a deeper sympathy for her poor father, was, perhaps, the sickness of her mother. Mrs. Hawkins was often weeks and months confined to her bed, and then it was that little Hannah was compelled to put forth her infant energies to save her father.

The writer once heard Mr. Hawkins relate the following, in a public meeting in the city of New York. "I would come home, late at night, open the door, and fall prostrate on the floor, utterly unable to move. My daughter Hannah, sitting up for me, and watching with her poor sick mother, would come down with a pillow and a blanket; and there, as she could not raise me and get me up stairs, she would put the pillow under my head and cover me with the blanket, and then lie down beside me like a faithful dog. I would feel it to the bottom of my soul

It cut me to the quick, and I would say, ‘Hannah, why do you not go up to your poor sick mother?’ She would reply, ‘O father, I would rather stay here. I am afraid, if I go, you will want something.’ ”



Surely such filial love in the children of the unfortunate is not to go unrewarded. It is a school of adversity, in which it might have been well for some who have known no sorrow, and yet are murmuring at their allotment, to have been trained, that they might at least have felt for the suffering, and done some good in the world. By these little incidents, daily occurring

in a drunkard's home, but which must be forever unknown to the world, it was that this child was training, as we shall see in the sequel, to be the instrument of reclaiming her father, and preparing him to rescue thousands of others in the like captivity.

Of this affectionate child and her lost father, however, we might never have heard, had it not been for that extraordinary movement, in the providence of God, which had already commenced in the city of Baltimore, and which has since extended its blessings to thousands of miserable families throughout the country.

On the fifth of April, 1840, six men, devoted in no small degree to their cups, and usually known as intemperate men, were spending an evening, in their usual manner, in a tavern in Baltimore, when, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, they were brought to the resolution that they would drink no more spiritous or malt liquors, wine, beer, or cider. They signed a pledge to that effect, and formed themselves into a society, which they called the Washington Temperance Society, whose object should be the complete reformation of every drunkard in Baltimore.

Such an event, though yet in its earliest stage, and without a promise of its final extensive results, must have been known to the father of Hannah, and may have produced agitations in his bosom which could only be quieted by signing the pledge. How this happy event was effected; what an interesting part this child had in it, and the complete restoration of the father, is best related in his own words. It is a tale which has made many an eye overflow with weeping, and shown the power of grace to save the lost.

“June 15, 1840,” said Mr. Hawkins, in one of his public addresses, “I drank and suffered awfully—I can’t tell how much I suffered in *mind*—in body everything, but in mind more. I drank dreadfully the two first weeks of June—bought by the gallon, and drank, and drank, and was about taking my life—drunk all the time. On the 14th, I was a wonder to myself; astonished I had my mind left, and yet it seemed, in the goodness of God, uncommonly clear. I lay in bed long after my wife and daughter were up, and my conscience drove me to madness. I hated the darkness of the night; and when light came, I hated the light. I hated myself—my existence. I asked myself, ‘Can I refrain; is it possible?’

Not a being to take me by the hand, and lead or help me along, and say *you can*. I was friendless ; without help or light ; an outcast. My wife came up stairs, and knew I was suffering, and asked me to go down to breakfast. I had a pint of whisky, and thought I would drink ; and yet I knew it was life or death with me as I decided. Well, I told my wife I would come down presently. Then my daughter came up and asked me down. I always loved her—more because she was the drunkard's friend—my only friend.

“ She said, ‘ Father, don't send me after whisky to-day.’ \* I was tormented before, but this was an unexpected torture. I told her to leave the chamber, and she went down crying, and said to her mother, Father is angry with me. Wife came up again, and asked me to take some coffee ; I told her I did not want anything of her, and covered myself in the bed. I soon heard some one enter the room, and I peeped out and saw it was my daughter. I then thought of my past life ; my degradation ; misery of my friends ; and felt bad enough. So I called her and said, ‘ Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more.’ She cried, and so did I.

\* See Frontispiece

I got up and went to the cupboard, and looked at the enemy, and thought, 'Is it possible I can be restored?' and then turned my back upon it. Several times, while dressing, I looked at the bottle, but thought I should be lost if I yielded. Poor drunkard! there is hope for you. You cannot be worse off than I was; not more degraded, or more of a slave to appetite. You can reform if you will. *Try it—try it.* I felt badly, I tell you.

"Well, Monday night I went to the Society of Drunkards, and there I found all my old bottle companions. I did not tell anybody I was going, not even my wife. I had got out of difficulty, but did not know how long I would keep out. The six-pounders of the Society were there. We had fished together; got drunk together. You could not break us up when drunk. We stuck like brothers, and so we do now we are sober. One said, here is Hawkins, the 'regulator,' the old *bruiser*; and they clapped me and laughed, as you do now. But there was no laugh or clap in me. I was too sober and solemn for that. The pledge was read for my accommodation. They did not say so, and yet I knew they all looked over my shoulder to see me

write my name. I never had such feelings before. It was a great battle. I once fought the battle at North Point, and helped to run away too, but now there was no running away. I found the Society had a large pitcher of water; drank toasts and told experiences. There I laid my plan; I did not intend to be a drone. Alcohol promised me everything, but I found him a great deceiver, and now I meant to do him all the harm I could.

“At eleven I went home. When I stayed out late, I always went home drunk. Wife had given me up again, and thought I would be home drunk again, and she began to think about breaking up and going home to mother’s. My yard is covered with brick, and as I went over the brick, wife listened, as she told me, to determine whether the gate-door opened drunk or sober, for she could tell, and it opened sober and shut sober; and when I entered, my wife was standing in the middle of the room to see me as I came in. She was astonished, but I smiled and she smiled, as I caught her keen black eye. I told her quick; I could not keep it back. ‘I have put my name to the temperance pledge, never to drink as long as I live.’ It was a happy time. I cried and she

cried; we could not help it, and crying waked up our daughter, and she cried too. I tell you this, that you may know how happy the reformation of a drunkard makes his family. I slept none that night, my thoughts were better than sleep. Next morning I went to see my mother, old as she was. I must go to see her and tell her of our joy. She had been praying twenty years for her drunken son. Now, she said, 'It is enough, I am ready to die.' It made all my connexions happy."

From this time a new era dawned upon Hannah and her suffering mother. Mr. Hawkins soon felt himself strong in his pledge, and he entered with great zeal into the work of reclaiming others. He had, in early life, been a professor of religion, member of a Methodist church. A recovery from his horrid courses seemed to awaken in him deep penitence for the past, and lively gratitude to the Father of mercies; and he resolved to devote himself anew to his service, and give him all the praise of his restoration.

Possessed of a clear, strong, and mellow voice, and having unusually warm affections; being entirely willing to relate the whole of his bitter experience, and doing it, not in a spirit of

boasting, but contrition, he soon became a prominent speaker; and under his addresses, large and intelligent audiences were often in tears. In the course of the ensuing winter, he attended the anniversary of the Maryland State Temperance Society, at Annapolis, and related his experience before the members of the State Legislature, with much effect; the house, it is said, were dissolved in tears. In the following March, he, with four other reformed men from Baltimore, came by invitation to New York, where, under the relation of their personal experience, before immense crowds, commenced the Washingtonian reform of that city. At the first meeting, while Mr. Hawkins was speaking, in the Green Street Methodist Church, a poor drunkard cried out in the gallery, "Can I be saved too?" "Yes," said Mr. Hawkins, "you can. Come down and sign the pledge." With a little solicitation, the man came down, and, supported by two others, came up to the altar and signed the pledge. The victory was now gained. The work of redemption among poor drunkards commenced. Another uttered forth the feelings of his heart, and was induced to come down and sign the pledge. Five or six others of the miserable class soon fol-

lowed, and some thirty or forty besides, well known as hard drinkers or drunkards. It was the first fruits of a great harvest.

While Mr. Hawkins, with his companions, were for three successive weeks, addressing crowded assemblies in New York, a lady who spoke with great detestation of the wine-cup, was charged with monomania. The charge induced her to pen the following lines, which she requested might be sent to Mr. Hawkins, for the use of his daughter, in case she should at any time have the same charge to encounter.

Go, feel what I have felt;  
Go bear what I have borne,  
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,  
And the cold, proud world's scorn:  
Thus struggle on from year to year,  
Thy sole relief, the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,  
O'er a lov'd father's fall;  
See every cherished promise swept—  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;  
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way  
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt;  
Implore, beseech, and pray:  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay—  
Be cast with bitter curse aside—  
Thy prayers burlesqued—thy tears defied.

Go, hear what I have heard—  
The sobs of sad despair—  
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,  
And its revealings there  
Have told him what he might have been,  
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know,  
All that my soul hath felt or known,  
Then look within the wine-cup's glow—  
See if its brightness can atone :  
Think, if its flavor you would try,  
If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

Near the close of their visit in New York, the father of Hannah, with one of his companions (Mr. William Wright), were invited to Boston, Massachusetts, to repeat there the story of their restoration. They complied with the invitation, and many thousands were deeply affected by their honest and heart-touching experience. The depth of Mr. Hawkins' feelings at his sudden transition from fifteen years of low debasement and public scorn, to so high a place as he had now attained, may be seen in the opening of his speech before two thousand people in Faneuil Hall, the cradle of American liberty.

"When I compare," said he, "the past with the present; my days of intemperance with my present peace and sobriety; my past degrada-

tion with my present position in this Hall—the cradle of liberty—I am overwhelmed. It seems to me holy ground. I never expected to see this hall. I had heard of it in boyhood. 'Twas here that Otis and the elder Adams argued the principles of Independence, and we now meet here to declare ourselves free and independent ; to make a second Declaration—not quite so lengthy as the old one, but it promises life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our forefathers pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honors ; we, too, will pledge our honor, our life, but our fortunes have gone for rum ! Poor though we drunkards are, and miserable, even in the gutter, we will pledge our lives to maintain sobriety.

“The cause of Temperance ! what is it, but the cause of humanity ? I need not talk long to show its connection with humanity. I have suffered from every description of drunkenness—have borne the heat and burden of the day in *rum-mills* (grog-shops), and know all about it—and I rejoice to say, in this Cradle of Liberty, that whereas I was once a drunkard, I am now a sober man.”

After giving an account of his restoration and the restoration of many in Baltimore, he thus

spoke of the consequences of the work to the families of the reformed.

“Go to Baltimore and see our now happy wives and families. Only look at our procession on the 5th of April, when we celebrated our anniversary. Two thousand men, nearly half of them reformed within a year, followed by two thousand boys of all ages, to give assurance to the world that the next generation shall all be sober. But where were our wives on that occasion? at home, shut up with hungry children in rags as a year ago? No, no! but in carriages riding round the streets to see their sober husbands!

“My family were in a hack, and I carried apples, cakes, &c., to them, and wife said, ‘how happy all look; why, husband, there is —— all dressed up—and only think, I saw old —— in the procession as happy and smart as any of them;’ and so she went on telling me who she had seen. And where do you think the grog-sellers’ wives were? Were they out? Not they!!! Some of them peeped out from behind their *curtains*! We cut down the rum tree that day in Baltimore, under ground; not on the top

of the ground leaving a stump, but under ground, roots and all ! !”

Of the dangers and results of the drinking usages of society, and the horrid traffic in intoxicating liquors, he spoke with an honest but just indignation, showing talents of no ordinary character.

“ This drinking has killed more men, women and children, than war, pestilence, and all other evils together. You cannot bring upon man so awful a curse as alcohol ; it cannot be done ; no machinery or invention of death can work like it. Is there a moderate drinker who says he can use ‘ a little,’ or ‘ much,’ and ‘ quit when he pleases ?’ I tell him from experience he can’t do it. Well he can *if he will*, but HE WON’T WILL, that is the difficulty, and there is the fatal mistake. Does he want to know whether he can ? I ask him to go without his accustomed morning bitters or his ‘ eleven o’clock,’ to-morrow, and he will find how he loves it ! We have come up out of the gutter to tell him how he loves it, and how he may escape. It is the moderate use—the little, the pretty drink, the genteel and fashionable, that does the mischief—the moderate drinker is training to take the place of the drunkard. .

“This making the drunkard by a thousand temptations and inducements, and then shutting him up in prison, is a cruel and horrible business. You make the drunkard, and then, if he comes into your house, you turn him out ; let him come to the church and you turn him out ; friends cast him off ; the grog-seller turns him out when his money is gone, or midnight comes. When he serves his time out in the prison, he is turned out with the threat of flogging if he is ever caught again : and yet you keep open the place where he is entangled and destroyed. You are bound to turn the whole tide of public opinion against the traffic. The seller will pour down your son’s throat a tide of liquor, and you do so to his son and he would cut your throat. Ask him if he is willing you should make his daughter a drunkard, and why should he make your son one ?”

When the good people of Boston saw how Mr. Hawkins was reformed and how capable he was of exerting a wide influence in favor of temperance, they told him to go back to Baltimore and bring his wife and children to Massachusetts, and they would there provide for all their wants. This was indeed a great change for Hannah and her mother, brother and sister. The writer once

went to see them in their poor habitation in the environs of Baltimore. It was indeed a drunkard's home. Now they were to quit it for ever ; and, instead of tears for their meat, they were to be nourished by kind friends and raised to a respectable condition in society. It was on their way to their new friends, that he met them in the stage-coach, as narrated in the commencement of this tale. While the father entered on those arduous labors in the cause of temperance, which have made him so great a blessing, travelling many thousand miles and often speaking to crowded assemblies four and six times a week, Mrs. Hawkins found an abode among those who sympathized with her in her sufferings, and loved her husband for his labors ; while Hannah and her brothers were placed in schools, where they are now receiving an education which will secure to them, it is hoped, permanent usefulness and happiness.

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In perusing this little volume, a variety of reflections will doubtless crowd upon the minds of its youthful readers, some of which, if suitably improved, cannot fail to be highly profitable.

Probably some will first of all exclaim, "Well, I am thankful I was not born a drunkard's daughter." And well they may. They know little of her woes. And yet it is no virtue of theirs that they were not. It was no fault of the child, whose history we have related, that it was her allotment. It is God who has ordered the birth of every individual as it has pleased him; and while we have no right to complain of our humble, obscure or even most afflictive condition, it is very wicked for any to feel proud of their birth, because it has given them every blessing. How much misery has been entailed upon at least a million children in the United States by drunken parents, can never be told. It constitutes an item in this awful sin, which the human mind cannot estimate. A drunkard's daughter! Who loves her? Who cares for her? Who dandles her on the knee? Who soothes her sorrows? Who gives her little presents to make her happy? Children of wealthy and respectable parents know little of the worth of their blessings or of the comforts of their home, while the storm is beating upon the house of the poor drunkard; nor how happy a hundred little articles of clothing which they might cast away, and the very

food they leave upon their tables, would make this child of sorrow.

It is an aggravated but not uncommon case, where a rich father becomes a drunkard and all his property is wasted for drink, and his fine house is sold, and his wife and little ones are driven penniless upon the world. O what an allotment then has the drunkard's daughter ! The writer has in his possession a beautiful poetic lament from some unknown pen, which he will here insert for the perusal of his little readers, hoping it may excite in them thankfulness that their fathers have been preserved from this awful vice.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

I was a gay and happy girl,  
And once I lived in wealth and pride,  
My father was a noble man,  
With smiling children by his side.

But now our marble house is changed  
Into a hut, with crumbling walls ;  
The splendid pictures all are sold,  
That once adorned our Grecian halls.

My mother plays no more the harp,  
Or sings as she was wont to do ;  
But oft she clasps me to her breast,  
With face of almost death-like hue.

She used to weep when first the curse  
Made wreck of all our peace and joy.  
But, oh, she has not shed one tear  
Since cold death claimed her only bow

On brother once she fixed her hopes,  
When father blighted all her joy:  
Oh, little did she think that he  
Would all her ardent hopes destroy.

Yes, Edward fills a drunkard's grave!  
He died from home without a friend  
To calm his dark and troubled soul,  
Or kind assistance him to lend.

Oh, brother, when I think of thee,  
As thou, dear one, I fear art now,  
And then reflect how thou wast once,  
I would in deep submission bow.

Sweet sister Helen pined away,  
When first she heard of brother's death.  
The roses faded from her cheek,  
And now she sleeps in silent death.

I've planted, near her lonely grave,  
The snow-white rose and violet blue,  
And as I see them fade away,  
I think death soon will call me too.

I love to lead my mother there,  
And point her to the deep blue sky,  
Then try to calm her troubled soul,  
And pray to God who dwells on high.

But when I think of the sad cause,  
That filled our house with pain and we,  
Deep grief clings to my very soul,  
And tears of burning anguish flow.

Oh, then I pray that God above,  
Would hear a lonely mourner's cry,  
And give my wretched father grace,  
From the vile tempter's charms to fly.

But the writer trusts that it is not merely a feeling of gratitude at their own favored allotment which will be excited by this little story; but also such an exercise of sympathy, as will for ever prevent the drunkard's daughter from being despised or wounded in her feelings.

There are many little girls who would on no account be seen walking with such an one in the street, or sitting by her in school, or inviting her to their homes, and who will in a variety of ways, perhaps not intentionally, but from want of care, wound her feelings. How wrong this is, need not be told. Her allotment is not a crime, and she may be a precious gem in the sight of her heavenly Father. What a treasure was little Hannah to her poor sick mother, when sitting up late with her while the father was out on his drunken sprees: and what a comfort was she

to him when he came home ; oringing him a pillow and a blanket as he lay drunk upon the floor, and lying down by him till morning, lest he should suffer ! Such a child fulfils her high destiny, which is to take care of her poor father and mother ; and more, infinitely more is she to be envied, than all the trifling daughters of gaiety and fashion, who spend their midnight hours in dancing and revelry. Jesus Christ says, " Take heed that ye do not despise these little ones." God will own them when he shall make up his jewels.

It is a subject of gratitude that the Sunday School system has come in to search out and bless this destitute and forsaken class of little girls, by placing them within the means of instruction ; a thing which could never be expected of institutions whose basis is pecuniary profit. Nor is this all that it does. It furnishes a class of teachers who look after their pupils, if they are in any way detained from the schools ; procure them clothing, if they are destitute ; and soothe and calm their feelings if they are wounded—imitating their great Master who took the lambs in his arms and carried them in his bosom. " A bruised reed he will not break." The writer

recollects an incident related by a Sunday school teacher, remarkably showing both his own kindness and that the drunkard's daughter is not always, as many suppose, a rough and unfeeling child.

Eliza B., said the teacher, was a promising scholar, in my class in the Sunday-school. She had been absent three Sabbaths from school, and unavoidable circumstances prevented my visiting her parents, to ascertain the cause of her absence and that of her two sisters.

I was out quite early one morning, and on passing a grocery, saw my scholar coming from it, with something in her hand; which, as she saw me, she vainly attempted to hide under her tattered garment.

It was too plainly seen, a bottle of whisky, and it might also have been seen in the distressed and confused looks of poor Eliza, who had often heard me speak of the misery and sin attached to the use of ardent spirits.

“What have you there?” said I.

The tear started in her eye as she said, in a faint tone—“It's for father:” and again tried to find a covering behind her scanty and torn frock. Her feet were bare, though the morning was cold;

and her pinched looks and uncombed hair showed neglect and poverty.

“Why have you not been to school this long time, Eliza?” said I. “I have missed you, and wondered at your staying away.

Indeed I had, for she often showed deep feeling, and something within frequently whispered to me, “The Lord has thoughts of love towards this child.”

“Mother would not let me,” said she.

“Why not?”

“Because I had no shoes, and father says he cannot get any.”

“Has your father work, and is he well?”

“Yes, ma’am, but”—and here her voice faltered, and the tears again started in her eyes. She brushed them away, and said—“Mother says she will try to get me a frock, the week to come, for this is worn out.”

It was a case that touched my heart. I took her by the hand and said, “Brush away your tears. I will see that you have all you need, and you shall come again to the school. Pray for your poor father, that he may be reclaimed from his habits and become once more a blessing to his family

Another reflection which must arise in the minds of those who read these pages, relates to the good which even a little girl may be the instrument of being to her poor suffering parents, and even to thousands of others in the world.

Most little girls feel that they have nothing to do but to obey the commands of their parents and teachers, and then seek to the utmost their own pleasures. But while they are called to the discharge of no great offices, they have each an immortal mind committed to them; and by a sweet and attentive disposition, by having a character and judgment of their own, and expressing modestly but firmly their opinion, they may often become the means of great good to those around them. A little maid in the house of Naaman the Syrian, was instrumental in directing her master to the cure of his leprosy. "For she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would recover him of his leprosy." And many a little girl, by showing an early spirit of obedience and filial affection, has gained an influence over a father and a brother, which have deterred them, in moments of temptation, from ruin, and even rescued them from the fangs of the destroyer. It was a

remark of the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy, that he had known more vicious young men reclaimed through a sister's influence than through any other means whatever.

Had little Hannah Hawkins been a wicked and drunken child—had she despised her poor father and mother, and been cruel to him, he never would have suffered her to say, “Father, don’t send me for any whisky to-day.” She would have received a blow which would have felled her to the floor, and her father himself would have drank the more fiercely for it. But when his little Hannah, who had sat up late for him at night, and who had covered him with a blanket, put a pillow under his head and laid down by him, as he expressed it, like “a faithful dog,” said, in tones of daughter-tenderness, “Father, don’t send me for any whisky to-day,” it was more than he could bear. He, at first, thrust her out. But when she came back, and he saw it was his daughter, he then thought of his past life, his degradation, the misery of his friends, and he called her to him and said, “Hannah, I am not angry with you, and I shall not drink any more.” Both cried. He got up and went to the cupboard, and looked at the enemy, and thought,

"Is it possible I can be restored?" and then turned his back upon it. Several times, while dressing, he looked at the bottle, but thought he should be lost if he yielded. The firmness and love of a little daughter proved a father's rescue. And what a rescue! From a drunkard's grave.

Some of the little readers of these pages may recollect the history of Julia Harwood. It was related by a gentleman who had been spending a few days in one of the lovely villages which beautify the valley of the Connecticut, and so nearly resembles the case before us, that it may here find an appropriate location.

"It was," says he, "a chilly afternoon in October when I entered the grave-yard. The winds moaning through the leafless branches, seemed as if chanting a funeral dirge. I stood beside the grave of a little girl, named Julia Harwood. On her tombstone was this inscription—'Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their *works* do follow them.' The name awoke many painful recollections, for Henry Harwood had been the companion of my boyhood. We had mingled in our sports and studies, and together graduated. Since that time I had not seen him, and his letters had become less fre-

quent, until I was ignorant of his situation altogether. I was wondering whether this little girl could be his daughter, when a voice said, 'George, my old friend, is that you?' I turned and recognized Henry Harwood, the companion of my youth. His features bore the impress of grief. 'This little girl,' said he, 'was my daughter. When I abandoned myself to the intoxicating cup it was she who would move among us like an angel of mercy, shedding a ray of happiness wherever she was. When her mother was sad, she would cheer her lonely hours with scenes of brighter days to come; and on my return, in tones of tenderness beseech me to let the poison cup alone. If my heart had not been stone, it would have melted, but I cruelly repulsed her kindness, and bade her be silent. She obeyed me; but after that, her cheek was paler and her step more feeble. And shall I say it? Yes. I plunged more deeply into the vortex of sin and folly. The day before her death, Julia called me to her bedside; and pressing my hand tenderly to hers, addressed me thus: "Soon, dear father, I shall die, and your daughter will depart from you. Must it be a final separation? Shall we never meet again but at the judgment-day? Oh,

beloved father, will you not grant me the last request I shall ever make? Night and day I have prayed that you might have grace to resist the temptation; and thus light up with joy hearts now pining with sorrow. Will you not, dear father? Oh, say yes. Promise now, at the bedside of your dying Julia, that you will never taste the poison again—that which destroys your intellect, and will send you to the drunkard's dreadful home." I left her, even while, in gentle accents, she entreated me to smile on her forgiveness, for pressing so importunately that which was so near to her heart. I left her to drown my feelings of remorse in intoxication. When I saw Julia again she was a corpse, and her pale, sad face seemed reproaching me for my cruelty. Since that moment I have not "touched, tasted, or handled the accursed thing." My friend ceased, overcome with emotion; and I felt how true it is that our 'works do follow' us."

Thousands of little girls will say, when asked to sign the temperance pledge, "I have no influence."

'What if the little rain should say,  
So small a drop as I,  
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields,  
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if a shining beam at noon,  
Should in its fountain stay,  
Because its feeble light alone,  
Cannot create a day ?

Doth not *each rain drop* help to form  
The cold refreshing shower:  
And *every ray of light* to warm  
And beautify the flower ?”

No influence ! Ah ! then they will soon be led into the paths of ruin. A little girl who has no influence, and means to have none, and to do no good, will have no character, and will soon be led astray by inhuman destroyers. This is the first thing that she is to learn, that she has influence, and that she is exerting it over her little companions every day and every hour ; and if it is not for good, it is for evil ; and if it can be an influence to save a beloved brother or a kind father from ruin, what will be its value ?

But to pursue our reflections. No one, the writer is sure, not even a child, can read these pages, or any of the numerous accounts of ruined fathers, which, in the last two years, have been so graphically presented to the public, without acquiring the greatest abhorrence of a drunkard's course, and of all those usages of society

which have brought degradation and ruin upon the happiest families.

The poor unfortunate man himself has been abhorred perhaps sufficiently ; and his family too, far beyond their deserts. But while these have been cast off as loathsome, a nuisance and a burden to community, all the usages of society which have proved their ruin, have been most assiduously cherished. Pride and fashion have stamped them as honorable, and the men who have made money by the sale of the intoxicating cup, and brought down some of the noblest spirits to the deepest degradation and ruin, have filled high places in society, sat at communion tables, and gone with their children to peaceful graves. Amazing infatuation ! Incomprehensible blindness ! In all other cases we compassionate the sufferer, and abhor and shrink from the cause of his ruin. If a man, by a course of fraud and misrepresentation, involves another in deep pecuniary distress and ruin, brings him to a jail, and casts his family, once rolling in wealth, penniless upon the world, the whole of society, though they cannot relieve the latter, or his family, yet view the former, and all his arts, with the utmost detestation. If any article of food, how delicious

soever, is proving the death of a child, it is henceforth viewed with fear and terror ; and every particle of it is for ever removed from under the roof. And if any individual is pursuing a business which brings yellow fever, or plague, upon the community, sweeping them into the grave, the civil authorities at once lay their hand upon it, and say, you shall pursue it no farther. But the people of the United States, witnessing the ruin of families almost without number, from immoderate drinking, seeing 30,000 go annually to the drunkard's grave, and knowing that no drunkard hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God, still, to an amazing extent, cling to the wine cup. Legislatures license the horrid dram-shop ; and the manufacturer and the vender move among the respectable classes of society. Parents who love their children, set, day by day, upon their table that which intoxicates ; and even some ministers of the gospel, while they pray that all sin and sorrow may be done away, still help, by example, to keep open those fountains of liquid fire which burn up for ever body and soul.

It is only a recollection of the delusion which was once on all minds, and involved the whole community in the use of intoxicating drinks, that

secures the mantle of charity for those yet upholding the hydra in its power. It is not demanded of the children coming upon the stage of action, that they should abhor the drunkard and his suffering family; rather let them pity such, as are ruined by the vices of a father, induced by the usages of society. For drunkenness there is no excuse and no palliation. It is a sin of deepest dye in the sight of God, and the parent of other sins. And its guilt is charged, not only upon each successive act, but also back upon that moderate drinking and those early habits which induced it. These should be the objects of their detestation and abhorrence. The sparkling champagne, a token of genteel society; the pleasant cordial, a holiday offering; the foaming beer and the strengthening ale, offered as spring breaks forth in its beauty, or summer depresses by its heat; the sweet fermented cider from the autumnal harvests—yea, the wine sauce and wine custard, the brandied peaches and preserves, and brandied pies—all deceitful—should be shunned and feared as the viper's tooth; be detested as the arch-demon among the flowers of paradise, who, by his smooth and flattering speech, would betray the soul to endless night.

It is hoped that this will not be viewed as the language of a cold ascetic, who would deprive all others of the enjoyment in which he has no participation. He is aware that there have been many who have gone through life in the daily indulgence of the intoxicating glass, perhaps the beloved parents of those children, into whose hands this book may fall, and yet never, so far as the eye of man reaches, been injured by it. Nor is he forgetful that, in the land in which the blessed Saviour had his birth, the fruit of the vine was accounted among its chief blessings, and was often extolled by seers and prophets, although the Holy One, merciful to save, declared 'wine a mocker,' and that "whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." And how are we to avoid deception, but to shun the paths of the deceiver? How save ourselves from being mocked, but to hold in abhorrence the ways of the mocker? Who was ever made a drunkard, but by listening to the tempter? Who was ever mocked, but in moderate drinking?

The writer once received an account from a lady in Baltimore, of a beautiful child in that city, who was early taught to drink the health of her papa and mama at her father's table. She

became a great proficient in music and dancing, and loved the exhilarating cup; for she thought it gave life to her step, a thrill to her voice, sharpness to her wit, and caused soft words to flow melodiously. When she walked abroad with her companions, she stopped at the confectioner's, for she was rich, and treated them with the nicest cordials. When she was married, new



cares devolved upon her; and new desires to please, made her seek the stimulus the more. To escape the notice of her husband, she would steal wine from his closet, and send her servants, in the darkness of the night, for gin, her favorite drink. At length, her vacant eye, and bloated

face, and silly speech, and feeble gait, were nature's signals of distress. The heart of her husband was broken. Her children were covered with shame. She died, years after, in a hospital, of the drunkard's mania. We ask every little girl who reads this book, to pause a moment and contemplate her end; and then say whether, despite of friends or a flattering world, she will not abhor her sparkling champagne, and brandied delicacies.

The writer feels that he may be extending his remarks too far; but he is sure it is impossible not to reflect on the blessedness of the temperance reformation, and the worth of all the early labors in this work of reform.

A few years ago, he went to a moderate drinker, and asked him to abstain entirely from all intoxicating drinks, and sign the pledge of total abstinence. No, said he, it is not necessary for me, but only for the intemperate man. Go to him. Accordingly, he went to one, and asked him to do it. Before giving a reply, he inquired if Mr. B. had agreed to. No, was the answer. He says he only drinks moderately. Well, that, said the drunkard, is all I do—besides, I need it, for I am feeble; but he does not, for he is strong

and healthy. It was therefore necessary, before the poor unfortunate drunkard could be reformed, that moderate drinkers, for his sake, if not their own, should give up the use of all intoxicating liquors, and sign the pledge. And it took years of toil, and labor, and great expense, to convince them that, for the good of others, it was a duty to do it. And when the work was done, when a million persons had signed the pledge, and a hundred thousand men were kept sober, who without the work, would have been drunkards, and an army of temperance men was raised up throughout the land, then the way was prepared for that reformation which commenced at Baltimore, and spread through every State of this favored nation.

The worth of this reform to each individual and family interested in it; the relief from positive and indescribable woes; the comfort, support, self-respect, clothing, fuel, and joys of home, restored; the education, the Bible, the Sabbath, the hope of salvation introduced, are in value beyond computation.

In the exuberant joy manifested by numbers as they burst the chains and stood out before their fellow-beings as reformed drunkards, there was

something revolting to those who were accustomed to look upon them as the most debased of society, and who, if they were even reformed, should spend the rest of their days away from the haunts of men, clothed in dust and ashes. But they were like captives delivered from the dungeon ; like birds escaped from the snare of the fowler. One of our sweetest poets has, in the following sonnet, most graphically given their true and certainly justifiable feelings. It is to be hoped that such as is described will be their spirit of gratitude.

### SONG OF JOHN HAWKINS AND HIS COMRADES

BY WM. B. TAPPAN.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! we've burst the chain :

O God ! how long it bound us !

We run ! we leap ! O God, again

Thy light, thy air surround us.

From midnight's dungeon-depths brought out,

We hail hope's rising star ;

Ho, comrades, give a stirring shout,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Debased by drink, we'd lost the sign

Of manhood ; God imprest,

The open face, the look divine—

To show what He had blest.

Behold ! erect ! with honest brow,

Restored to Nature's law—

We're men ! we're men ! heaven knows us now,

Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !

Of ten men cleansed did one return,  
To bless the healing hour?  
All of our rescued thousands burn,  
To praise redeeming power.

Come! bless God now! and what for us  
He's done—so reads the law—  
We'll do for others! and the curse  
Root out—hurrah! hurrah!

If in the progress of the work of reform there have been some sad relapses, blasting the hopes of friends, and causing triumph to the rum-seller and moderate drinker, there have been permanent securities of bliss, at which there is joy in heaven. Husbands and wives, who had for years been divorced because of intemperance, and whose children had been scattered among relatives and friends, have been reunited, and once more gathered their little ones together, under a happy roof. Parents, abandoning their cup of wo, finding plenty now taking up with them its abode, have been to poor-houses to receive again their offspring, who have been cast upon public charity as more pitiable than orphans. Many a sister has received back to her embrace a lost brother; and many a son has come home to wipe the falling tear from a parent's eye, whose

grey hairs he was rapidly bringing with sorrow to the grave.

The writer is acquainted with a family where was not entire destitution, but strife and babbling, and wo dwelt, and the wife was often driven out by violence. There may now be seen, as the



curtains of the evening are drawn around them, father, mother, and children, happily seated together around a common table, reading useful books, enjoying each other's society, and grateful, too, it is believed, for the mysterious change which has come over them by means of the

pledge. Sweet scene!—one that the angels might rest upon with unmingled delight.

It is not long since that he entered a church, on a Sabbath afternoon, which was devoted to the sacrament. After the services had been opened, in a solemn and appropriate manner, several came forward to take upon them the sacramental vow. Among them was a man with a rough but saddened look; his wife, with a countenance of tearful gratitude, and an interesting daughter of about eighteen, who were all baptized together. This husband and father, but a few months before, was an unfeeling, cruel drunkard, from whose hand this wife and daughter had drank many a cup of sorrow. Now he gave good evidence of an entire reform, and of a saving change of heart. And his extraordinary reformation, with his self-devotedness to his Maker, had so affected the heart of his daughter, as to be the means also of her salvation. What a family, the writer thought, to be transplanted to heaven! What grace! rich grace!

And yet there are those who make light of the temperance reform, and refuse to sacrifice their daily or even occasional glass of wine that it may go on and prosper. There are those who, for

money, will still hand out to the poor unfortunate drunkard the cup of trembling; who will manufacture the poison and sell it to young men and boys, and make another generation of drunkards. There are Christian parents who will still give the wine-cup to their children, and through these their own tender offspring, and so far as their example and influence go, through other families, will for ever stop the work of reform. Heaven grant that their eyes may be opened to the sinfulness and bitterness of their course, before they or theirs shall fall a prey to the destroyer! For the evil they are causing we devoutly say, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

The writer cannot draw this little work to a close, without a single reflection upon the amount of misery which would be brought upon this and other families in the like circumstances, by the father's being enticed again into the paths of drunkenness. He cannot think of anything that would equally satisfy the malice of the fiends of darkness, or more fully exhibit the power of sin to blast human hope and bind the guilty and the innocent together in the chains of despair. And yet a slight temptation, a single glass of in-

toxicating liquor offered in hospitality, or pressed upon the unfortunate man by the unfeeling vender, to snatch from him a few pence which he may have earned for his wife and childrer, would do it. Who will say that an article so dangerous to a hundred thousand reformed men, should be tolerated in society—and that men should be licensed to sell it? Who would believe that any could be found willing to sell it, and that there are Christian families who will yet have it on their tables and circulate it in their social parties, let who will be present? The Apostle Paul said, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is offended or is made weak. Surely, if there is no other argument for the entire disuse in the Christian community, there is one drawn from this consideration of irresistible force, that such use may never more plunge a happy family into the degradation and wo of a drunkard's home.

Let some, if they will, throw off all sense of moral obligation, and say in the selfishness and pride of their hearts, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The day of judgment will declare it. "It must needs be that offences come, but wo to that

man by whom the offence cometh." "It were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the depth of the sea."

Severity of remark, however, is scarcely demanded excepting toward the unfeeling rum-seller, who, as facts of an appalling character would illustrate, has a peculiar disrelish of a reformed drunkard, and has been known even to put the poison into a cup thought innocent; but few, with this exception, even of the most inveterate wine drinkers, will go so far as to set before the reformed man the vile temptation.

"James," said a father of this description, and who had said if a man becomes a drunkard at my table it is none of my business, I shall never give up my wine for others, "James, invite your friend home to dinner. I understand he has reformed and signed the pledge. It is a good thing, and I shall be happy to encourage him." While dinner was preparing and the young men were enjoying themselves with their flutes, a thought of the wine bottle flashed across his mind: "Can I invite this young man, just snatched as a brand from the burning to my table, give him wine, and send him home to-night drunk, to

the inexpressible grief of his father and mother, and mortification of his sisters? No, I cannot do it. Servant," said he, ringing the bell, "remove the decanters." He could not have them upon his table. And who could, under the like circumstances? Who would consent, even for worlds, to have his own son thus tempted and allured back to ruin? Ah! fashion, cruel tyrant! heaven be praised, there is a power within to which even thou, inexorable as thou art, must sometimes yield.

Reflections may perhaps have been too much prolonged, but it is impossible to meet with such an incident in a family of once deep obscurity and debasement, yet, in the mysterious providence of God, acting upon hundreds and even thousands of families in different and distant parts of the land, without deriving from it some lessons of wisdom, and endeavoring to make some improvement for our own good and the good of others.

The most desirable result, and that for which the writer would most strenuously labor with every dear child, who may chance to read this book, is, to induce her in the morning of life to come to the full and decided resolution, never in

any form as a beverage, to taste, touch or handle the intoxicating cup, and, both as a personal security and that she may extend security to others, to put her name to the temperance pledge.

If so much misery as this the father of Hannah brought upon himself and family by the once moderate use of wine, beer, cider or brandy, why should any individual ever be willing to come in the least contact with these bewitching but destructive poisons? If one saw a beautiful ship filled with passengers swallowed up by the awful Maelstrom, how could he be willing for any pleasurable indulgence to sail around in the most distant circle?

Let every little girl, then, as she reads this book, resolve in good faith to place her name to the temperance pledge. A voice may whisper, What good will it do? She cannot tell. Certain it is, it can do no harm. If it does not save herself, it may prevent her from leading others in the road to ruin. It may justify her in saying at a future day to a father, brother, husband or friend, I cannot bring you the intoxicating cup, and with angel influence may bring them to reflection, and save them from destruction. And if this book should fall into the hands of any young

lady who may feel that fashion or the laws of society or her own health and happiness forbid her taking a stand on the side of total abstinence, he would take the liberty, for the benefit of such, to introduce an extract or two from the accomplished and most excellent writer, Mrs. Ellis, in her work, which should be found in every well trained family, "A Voice from the Vintage."

"I may, perhaps, be allowed to add a few words on the subject of my own experience, which may possibly derive additional weight from the circumstance of my having been, for many years of my life, an obstinate disbeliever in the efficacy of temperance principles to effect any lasting or extensive good; while of all respectable societies, that for the promotion of total abstinence—that which I now esteem it an honor and a privilege to advocate, would have been most repulsive to my feelings to join. Indeed, such was my contempt for the system altogether, that I often pronounced it to be a mockery of common sense; and at the same time frequently asserted my belief, that nothing could be more likely than the restraint of a public pledge to create an immediate inclination to break it.

"For two years—years, I may say, of total

ignorance on this point, during which I took no pains to make myself better informed, I treated the subject with the utmost contempt whenever it was brought under my notice. By degrees, however, it began to wear a different aspect before the world in general, and facts were too powerful in its favor to be disputed. By degrees also it began to assume with me somewhat more of a personal character. I could not see how I was right while indulging in what was so fearfully destructive to others, and to some whom I had known and loved. Yet such was the force of habit; such my willingness to believe what doctors told me, that wine was necessary to my health, at that time far from good; and such also was my dependence upon stimulants, for increasing the strength of which I often felt miserably in want, that three years more elapsed before I had the resolution to free myself practically, entirely, and I now trust, for ever, from the slavery of this dangerous habit.

“Four years of total abstinence from every thing of an intoxicating nature, it has now been my happy lot to experience; and if the improvement in my health and spirits, and the increase of my strength during that time, be any proof in

favor of the practice, I am one of those who ought especially to thank God for the present, and take courage for the future.

“Like many other women, and especially those who are exempt from the necessity of active exertion, I was, while in the habit of taking wine for my health, subject to almost constant suffering from a mysterious kind of sinking, which rendered me at times wholly unfit either for mental or bodily effort, but which I always found to be removed by a glass of wine. My spirits, too, partook of the malady, for I was equally subject to fits of depression, which also were relieved, in some degree, by the same remedies. During the four years in which I have now entirely abstained from the use of such remedies, I have been a total stranger to these distressing sensations of sinking and exhaustion; and I say this with thankfulness, because I consider such aliments infinitely more trying than absolute pain.

“One single effort conscientiously and promptly made, will enable you to pass through all the duties of social intercourse better without such stimulants than with them. I will not pretend to say, as some do, that the effort is easily made. We forget the weakness of human nature when

we call it easy ; but I will say, that the difficulty is all in anticipation, and in the lengthened dragging out of a half-formed purpose. Two years of trial I myself endured in this manner, before my resolution was fully carried out ; but no sooner was an entire surrender made of inclination to a sense of duty, than all temptation vanished, all trial was at an end ; while the act of totally abstaining became so perfectly easy as to call forth no other feelings than those of gratitude and joy, that I was thus enabled, for the sake of others, to share in the self-denials of the tempted, and the privations of the poor.”

And if any parent or Christian has any hesitancy on the point before us, the writer begs their attention to the following paragraphs, from the author of *Anti-Bacchus*, a minister of the gospel, and who has spent no small amount of time and talent in the investigation of this subject :

“Let us look round our congregations, and enumerate those opening buds of promise which have been withered and blasted, and let us inquire also into the influence which destroyed our hopes, and the peace and respectability of the offenders, and we shall find that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these drinks have been

the remote or proximate cause. I have seen the youthful professor, whose zeal, talent, respectability, and consistent piety, have promised much to the church and the world, led on from moderate to immoderate draughts, in the end become a tippler, dismissed from the church, disowned by his friends, himself a nuisance to society, and his family in rags. I have seen the generous tradesman, by whose zeal for the gospel, and at whose expense, too, the ministers of religion have been introduced into a destitute village, and eventually a house erected for God, and a flourishing church formed, himself excluding himself by his love of strong drink. Would to God these instances were solitary! But, alas! they are not. Almost every church and every minister have to weep over spiritual hopes blasted, and Christianity outraged by these drinks.

“We must here also observe, that if but one member of the church had backslidden, if but one angel of the church had fallen, or but one hopeful convert had been lost, through the use of alcoholic drinks, the thought that only *one* had been betrayed and corrupted, ought to make us resolve to abstain. The consideration that what had destroyed *one* might injure *many*, would,

were not our hearts more than usually hard, prompt us to vow never to touch or taste again. But we have not to tell of *one*, but of *many*, that have been ruined. The hopeful ministers of the sanctuary who have fallen are not a few. And as to members and young people of the highest promise, who have been lost to the church through this practice, these might be counted by thousands."

The writer is happy to say, in conclusion, that the father of Hannah is still active in the good cause of temperance, and holds himself, as a brand plucked from the burning, at the service of Him who has so mercifully saved him. In a letter from him, received a short time since, he says—

"I am still travelling, and doing all the good I can, in my weakness, for the poor drunkard. I have witnessed many, very many happy scenes of reformation. I long to see you, to talk to you and relate some of them to you. I know they would warm your heart. I have travelled since March, 1841, over 17,000 miles, and delivered over 700 addresses, and these not very short. You may judge from this that my labor has been very great. But what is it for? Thanks be to God for the thought—it is for the reformation of

the poor drunkard and the ultimate salvation of his soul. Some would say, there is too much religion in this. Oh, how can any say so, especially any reformed drunkard, when he owes gratitude to God for every drop of water he drinks?"

That the time may speedily come when no family shall ever be afflicted with a poor unfortunate inebriate; when the destroyer, which has swept its 30,000, year after year, into the drunkard's grave, shall be expelled from our land and the world, and when temperance, purity, peace, and righteousness shall everywhere prevail, must surely be the sincere wish of every philanthropist, patriot, and Christian. Let all do their duty, and we shall soon witness and enjoy this blessed period.

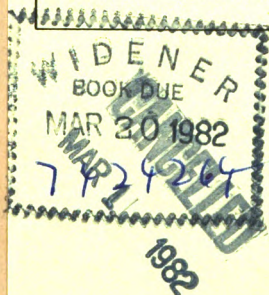








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